

Northern Messenger

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THE SONG OF THE SPARROW.

'Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.'—(Luke xii, 6, 7.)

I'm only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gives me a coat of feathers—
It is very plain I know,
Without a speck of crimson,
For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,
And it shields me from the rain;
Were it bordered with gold and purple,
Perhaps it would make me vain.

And when the Springtime cometh,
I will build me a little nest,
With many a chirp of pleasure,
In the spot I love the best.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
And never a seed to keep.

If my meat is sometimes scanty,
Close pecking makes it sweet;

I have always enough to feed me,
And life is more than meat.

I know there are many sparrows—
All over the world they are found—
But our heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

Tho' small, we are never forgotten;
Tho' weak, we are never afraid;
For we know the dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creatures He made.

I fly through city and country,
I alight on many a spray;
I have no chart or compass
But I never lose my way.

I just fold my wings at nightfall,
Wherever I happen to be;
For the Father is always watching
And no harm can come to me.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
But I know that the Father loves me,
Dost THOU know His love for THEE?

—Author Unknown.

The Fall of a Sparrow.

Halstead Street, in Chicago, is said to be the longest paved street in the world, and along most of its twenty miles it bears a reputation somewhat less than desirable. Yet it was here that a little incident occurred which touched the heart of a Chicago reporter.

From the eaves of a two-story frame building a fledgling sparrow had fallen from its nest and lay fluttering in the mud and water of the gutter, while the mother bird perched on the eaves and exhibited every token of distress which a bird could possibly display.

The driver of a rickety express waggon first saw it and stopped, looking from the bird in the puddle to the mother on the roof. The driver of a waggon saw him looking, and he also stopped. Then both these rough men climbed down, and went to the rescue of the bird, which, by desperate exertions had fluttered out of the puddle and found an almost inaccessible retreat under the sidewalk.

The big, burly waggon driver got down on his knees and reached back until at last he caught the frightened, fluttering little thing, and brought it back into daylight. Then the driver of the express-waggon hunted for a ladder, and soon found where one could be borrowed.

People began to gather by this time. Quite a little company was there by the time the ladder was reared against the eaves. Then the bird changed hands, for the bulk of the waggon-man was too great for him easily to undertake to climb, so he stood at the bottom and held the ladder while the express-man clung to the rungs with one hand and gently held the little bird in the other.

The mother bird retreated a little when the ladder was raised, and chattered, half in fear and half in joy, as she recognized her child in the hand of the man ascending the ladder. But her fear was soon dispelled, for the man replaced the fledgeling in its nest and descended. Then the two men returned the ladder to its owner and mounted their waggons and drove on.

It was a simple little incident, but no one witnessed it without a feeling of emotion and of admiration. The reporter who saw it went back to the office and found a Bible, and looked through it till he came to a passage that seemed to bear upon the incident he had witnessed. He told the story in the 'Tribune' the next day with very little elaboration. The only words he added to the narrative were those found recorded from the lips of Jesus: 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.'

Pithy Sayings of John Wesley.

I have no time to be in a hurry.
God begins his work in children.
The best of all is, God is with us.
I look upon the world as my parish.
I dare no more fret than curse or swear.
God buries his workmen, but continues his work.

FAMINE FUND CLOSED.

Money Already in will be Acknowledged, but no further amounts will be received.

Dominion Express Company:

Montreal, Canada, June 4, 1907.

We have received from Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Publishers, the following sum:

April 2	\$1,700.00
April 18	1,500.00
May 15	2,500.00
May 22	1,300.00
June 4	2,000.00
	\$10,000.00

Which we have transferred by cable on the dates shown, to C. Montague Ede, Treasurer Chinese Famine Fund, care of the Rev. Donald McGillivray, 380 Honan Road, Shanghai, China.

(Signed) for the Company.

W. A. CLARK,
General Agent Dominion Express Company.

This sum was cabled within a short period of two months and many others were preparing to remit when they learned that the fund was closed.

Previously acknowledged	\$3,972.58	Reuben Bower	.50
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The Chickadees.

A fluffy little chickadee,
When winds began to blow,
Crept up beside a forest tree
And watched the flakes of snow.

'My brother,' said poor chickadee,
'This wind is very cold;
Why don't we go to sunny lands,
Like good Sir Robin bold?

'The snow is covering all the worms,
The flies are gone away,
I haven't caught a single bug—
Not one—to eat to-day.'

'Tie on you!' chirped good Brother Dee.
'Don't creep in there to whine,
For chickadees weren't made for that,
I'll show you how to dine.

'When flies and worms and bugs are gone
Sir Robin has to go,
Because, you see, good brother mine,
His lordship was made so.

'But chickadees and birds of pluck,
When cold and wintry weather
Cut off their whole supply of meat,
Forage for seeds together.

'We'll hunt for seeds and berries red,
And surely find our dinner,
For flowers that bloom in summer days
Leave seeds for birds in winter.

'So pluck up courage, brother dear,
For chickadees must never
Do aught but sing the whole year through
No matter what the weather.'

—'Youth's Companion.'

Life's Sweet Music.

A visitor to Amsterdam wishing to hear the wonderful music of the chimes of St. Nicholas, went up into the tower of the church to hear it. There he found a man with wooden gloves on his hands, pounding a keyboard. All he could hear was the clanging of the keys when struck by the wooden gloves, and the harsh, deafening noise of the bells close over his head. He wondered why the people talked of the marvellous chimes of St. Nicholas. To his ear there was no music in them, nothing but terrible clatter and clanging. Yet all the while there floated out over and beyond the city the most entrancing music. Men in the fields paused in their work to listen, and were made glad. People in their homes and travellers on the high-ways were thrilled by the marvellous bell tones which fell from the tower. There are many lives, which to those who dwell close beside them, seem to make no music; they pour out their strength in hard toil; they are shut up in narrow spheres; they dwell amid the noise and clatter of common task work; they think themselves that they are not of any use, that no blessing goes out from their life; they never dream that sweet music is made anywhere in the world by their noisy hammering. But out over the world, where

the influence goes from their work and character, human lives are blessed, and weary ones hear, with gladness, sweet, comforting music. Even away off in heaven, where angels are listening to earth's melodies, these entrancing strains are heard.—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

Tested and Tried.

A blacksmith, about eight years after he had given his heart to God, was approached by an intelligent unbeliever with the question: 'Why is it you have so much trouble? I have been watching you. Since you joined the church and began to "walk square," and seem to love everybody, you have had twice as many trials and accidents as you had before. I thought that when a man gave himself to God his troubles were over. Isn't that what the parsons tell us?'

With a thoughtful but glowing face the blacksmith replied: 'Do you see this piece of iron? It is for the springs of a carriage. I have been "tempering" it for some time. To do this I heat it red-hot, and then plunge it into a tub of ice-cold water. This I do many times. If I find it taking "temper," I heat and hammer it unmercifully. In getting the right piece of iron I found several that were too brittle. So I threw them in the scrap-pile. Those scraps are worth about a cent a pound; this carriage spring is very valuable.'

He paused, and his listener nodded. The blacksmith continued: 'God saves us for something more than to have a good time—that's the way I see it. We have the good time all right, for God's smile means heaven. But he wants us for service just as I want this piece of iron. And he has put the "temper" of Christ in us by testing us with trials. Ever since I saw this truth I have been saying to him, "Test me in any way you choose, Lord; only don't throw me in the scrap-pile."'

—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

How a Little Seed Grew.

Many years ago, in the city of New York, a teacher was giving a geography lesson to a class of little girls. While showing them a map of the world, the lady pointed out to her pupils the large proportion of the world where the people were still in heathen darkness, knowing nothing of the true God and His Son Jesus Christ. The children were interested, and one little girl, only eight years old, said, to herself, 'If God will let me, I will go when I am grown up, and teach some of these poor people to love the Saviour.'

This little girl's name was Eliza Agnew. Eliza never forgot her promise. Her duties to her family kept her closely at home till she was thirty years old. Then the death of all near relations left her at liberty to fulfill what had long been the dearest wish of her heart. She went out to Ceylon and joined the American Mission, then newly established at Jaffna, where she took charge of a girl's school. This school was begun in rather a curious way. When the American Mission was started, it was found that while the Tamil people were glad to send their boys to school, they were very unwilling to do as much for the girls. 'What is the use to teach

women?' they said, contemptuously. 'They can no more learn than sheep.'

It happened one day that a very heavy rain-storm caused two little girls to take shelter in the mission house. The storm lasted so long that the children grew hungry and began to cry. The missionary lady offered them bread and bananas, which the younger child ate, but the elder refused.

Meantime the parents came to seek the children. They were very angry when they found that the younger girl had eaten food prepared by one not of her own caste, and declared that the child was polluted, and that they should never be able to marry her properly. After much perplexity the parents proposed that the missionary lady keep the child altogether. The offer was gladly accepted, and the little girl was soon quite contented in her new home.

The missionary lady began to teach her little pupil. She sprinkled sand on the floor of the veranda, and wrote thereon a few of the 297 letters of the Tamil alphabet. When these were learned, she added others, till the pupil could read and write the whole alphabet herself. Some little friends who came to see their playmate were delighted with the new game, as they thought it, and before long they, too, had learned to read, to their own great delight, and the astonishment of their parents. Seeing how happy and contented the first little girl was, other people consented to entrust their daughters to the missionaries, and thus, in 1824, began the Tamil girls' boarding school, one of the first schools of the kind ever established in a heathen land.

Into this school Miss Eliza Agnew entered, and there she worked for forty-three years. Upward of a thousand girls studied under her care, some of them being the children, and even the grandchildren, of her first pupils. More than six hundred of these girls left the school earnest Christians. Nearly all of these became wives and mothers, and so the work was carried on. When, at last, Miss Agnew died, her funeral was attended by hundreds of families who mourned for her as for a mother.

The school still flourishes, and is carrying on Miss Agnew's good work, and blessing countless homes with the Gospel of Peace. As the lady who gave these details said to Miss Gordon Cumming, 'the home is the stronghold of heathenism.'

There are hundreds and hundreds of heathen villages where just such work might be done to-day, if women could be found to devote themselves to the cause. There are hundreds of places where lady doctors and nurses could work for the Lord in saving women from frightful tortures at the hands of ignorant native doctors and conjurers, and at the same time spread the news of the Gospel. Who will go?

That faithful school teacher little knew what she was doing when she showed her pupils the map of the world, and told them how many people were heathen; but, doubtless she has heard the good news by this time—some part of it at least, but eternity alone will reveal the whole. The little seed has become a great tree, even a tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nation.—Lucy Ellen Guernsey in 'Time of Refreshing.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF
WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

(CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued.)

He suggested to a handful of his comrades, in the parlor of the 'Griffin,' that they should join to 'stand treat' to the navvies of Netherborough; giving them plentiful rounds of beer to drink the health of Walter Bardsley and his bride. The invitation was given to the men as they came out of the contractor's Sunday meeting held in the plank building, by sending messages to the various 'gangsters,' and in every other way that was likely to insure a general response.

A little way out of Netherborough, and near the works of the new railway, there was a low beer-shop called 'The Navvies' Delight.'

A special license had been applied for, 'for the convenience of the men,' and two or three squires, and one or two brewers, and one or two clergymen, acting as Justices of the Peace, did hereby initiate a course of disorder, quarrel, and open vice to which Netherborough, bad as it was, had hitherto been a stranger. After church hours—O, the piety of the liquor laws!—the Sunday evenings were now doubly desecrated by the drunken revels that shamed the Sabbath in and around 'The Navvies' Delight.'

One Sunday evening a rowdy gang of navvies, supplied with strong ale by Dick Bardsley and his confederates, reeled out from 'The Navvies' Delight,' and met the congregation which was just leaving the service at the Mission-room. The retiring worshippers were greeted with shouts of laughter and insulting jeers. Some of them, not remarkable for their self-control, were not slow in making reprisals. Stones were thrown, blows were given; hooting and hustling fanned the fury of the fray, and led to a riot of menacing dimensions.

In vain did Mr. Allamore and his colleagues strive to allay the storm. He was fain to drag Jennie Bardsley out of the throng. The passions of the drink-excited navvies became murderous; and one gigantic fellow, named Asplin, distinguished himself by his reckless brutality. He had had a quarrel with a young carpenter, a quarrel of old standing; and he seemed to pick him out for special fight. The big barrow-man, half crazed with beer, had knocked down and brutally kicked a lad who crossed his way. The young carpenter, roused to indignant fury, struck the fellow a stinging blow in the face. In another moment the navvy dashed forward with an awful oath; the flash of a long knife-blade was seen in the twilight, a cry and a groan overtopped all sounds, a quivering human frame lay face upward on the highway, and the soil around was red with blood!

'Murder!' The cry was a shriek, keen and dreadful. It would not die out, it held on, an undying echo, and made the twilight tremble. It arose from the lips of the young wife, now the stricken widow, of the murdered man. They had sat together at the mission-service, had sung together the praises of the Lord of the Sabbath. They were together now, he, stark dead upon the ground, with his white face turned up to the darkening heavens; she, lying heart-broken across his body, with no words upon her wan, white lips. How do I know this? I saw the stare of the dead man as he was carried home. I was young then: I can see it now.

The drunken navvy, Richard Asplin, who had done his comrade to death by the knife, was arrested, and in due time was taken before the magistrates—the magistrates to whom Netherborough was indebted for that ennobling and beneficent institution, 'The Navvies' Delight!' The Clergyman, J.P., the

Brewer, J.P., the Squire, J.P., who had shares in the brewery, committed the manslaughter to York Castle for trial at the next assizes, and each one of them used some strong language, for the behoof of the general public, on the 'Growing use of the knife,' and said no single word against the use of the drink that made the owner of the knife a murderer!

The coroner's inquest was held, of course, at the 'Netherborough Arms,' for alike the fount and stream of the British law and justice, so far as crime is concerned, smells of alcohol all the way and all the time; and Mr. Richard Bardsley, that 'citizen of credit and renown,' was foreman of the jury, surely a fitting leader of the twelve good men and true!

Such evidence was adduced of malice, in the shape of previous threats, and at least one assault, that the jury brought in a verdict of wilful murder, and for that crime, and more, perhaps, because of the common 'use of the knife' that disgraced that period, Richard Asplin was tried for his life, found guilty, and sentenced to death.

There are those living to-day, I dare say, who heard the learned judge's summing-up, and who remember with what power and pathos his lordship spoke of the ruinous consequences of alcoholic indulgence.

'If it were not for this fell destroyer,' he said, 'this foe to life and morals, this enemy to health and thrift and order, this all-inclusive maker of crimes, our vocation would be gone, and pauperism, crime, madness, and misery would largely vanish from the land.'

My lords and Mr. Justices! A plain word in your ears, if you please. You had surely better restrain your virtuous indignation, and cut short your hypocritical diatribes against Drink, or stop your personal patronage of the fiend of the vat and still, or you must be content to hear the contemptuous comment which Goldsmith has made classical—Fudge!

In those days, the scaffold was openly reared in sight of all the people, for the education of a beery and brutal mob. On the morning of the execution, poor Asplin, apparently penitent, and certainly sober, made a little speech, after the custom of the times, and hoped 'that all you good people will take warning of my misfortune, and give up the drink that has brought me here.'

You see his testimony was much the same in meaning as that of my lord the judge, and was probably of equal or a little superior value. In all likelihood if Richard Asplin could have been reprieved from the scaffold he would have repaired, as soon as convenient, to the 'Navvies' Delight,' or to some other beer-shop, to celebrate his escape in the fashion provided and protected by British law!

That, of course, could not be. Those in authority had far too much virtuous regard for the lives of honest citizens, so they swung the life out of him, broke the neck of him, and buried him in ground accursed within the precincts of the gaol. Then when 'justice' had been done, they were content to let the demon who had prompted him to murder, run amuck through all the land, licensed to breed and train a succession of Richard Asplins to keep the gallows busy, and the gaols supplied.

It may seem to the reader that the episode of Richard Asplin has but little to do with the story, but let them remember that Walter Bardsley's ill-starred lapse on his wedding-day was answerable for his brother Dick's resolve to 'stand treat' to the navvies, and to be even with Mr. Allamore. The diversified action and results of alcohol are infinitely

numerous, but the trail of the serpent is over them all, and much of it is blood-red! Very!

CHAPTER XXXII.

There was great rejoicing in the cottage of Tom Smart. That reformed drunkard had now held on his way on the lines of self-control so long and steadily that those who 'had hopes of him' were getting quite sanguine, and even those who shook their wise heads the most, and most persistently prophesied the worst, were beginning to be silenced. The ever kind and genial Mr. Norwood Hayes was greatly interested in Tom's case, and his inquiries concerning him were both numerous and sympathetic.

'Well, Aaron,' he asked one evening, as the old man was bound for Tom's poor, but vastly improved home, 'how's your protegee, Tom Smart, getting on?'

'Why, wonderfully well, I think. I reckon it's the hardest battle that he's ever had to fight, and the way he's winnin' it and howling his own is capital, fair capital; that's what it is. As you say, he's a prodigy, for everybody's surprised at him.'

Mr. Hayes smiled good-humoredly. 'Well,' he said, 'I'm sure we're all immensely glad for himself, and deeply grateful to God for the change that has come to him. I do hope it will continue.'

'I think it will,' said the old man. 'There's a few on us that's prayin' for him, an', as far as we can, that's givin' t' poor fellow a helpin' hand.'

'Yes, I'm praying for him, too,' said Mr. Hayes, not at all willing to be left out of the 'few' who were Tom's active friends. 'But how about giving him a helping hand? It is he for himself in this case, you know. You can't abstain for him, can you?'

'O yes, you can,' said Aaron, with an emphatic nod. "'I won't drink while you don't drink,'" said Aaron, "'for love's sake," he's kept two folks sober a life-tahme, an' thousands o' poor weak brothers is findin' t' strength in it ivery day!'

'There's limits to our ability to help 'em, nae doot,' the old man continued; 'but as I've said, we can go without drink ourselves, an' we can give 'em a cheerin' word. It's me use sayin' "Doon't thoo drink, Tom Smart; it's at thee peril if thoo does. I takes a little drop myself, an' I knoa that its varry good and pleasant, but thoo musn't touch it." Mr. Hayes, I should be doonright 'sham'd o' myself to talk like that. Tom's likely to do as I do when he won't do what I say, an' sq doin' and sayin' shall keep company. When t' followers o' Christ follow that plan, I think they'll follow Him "fully," as the Bible says. As it is,' said Aaron, looking the deacon squarely in the face, 'a good many o' 'em isn't within sight of Him, an' I doot He won't knoa 'em when they want to scrape closer acquaintance with Him an' find t' door shut.'

Here, for more reasons than one, the conversation ended.

(To be Continued.)

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The Letter.

(Amos R. Wells, in the 'C. E. World.')

A letter once came to a foolish wise man,
Who sagely proceeded the missive to scan.

He weighed it, he measured it, thought to explore
The average slant of the letters it bore.

A bit of the paper he cautiously took
To a microscope lens for a sapient look.

Dissolving the ink, by a chemical feat
He made an analysis finely complete.

Then he turned to the flap, and persistently sought,
To find from what country its gum had been brought.

As thus he was busy with exigent task,
His brother drew near him and ventured to ask:

'You've a letter from Father! And what does he say?
I'm eager to hear it! What's in it, I pray?'

Said the foolish wise man: 'You are hasty, I fear.
I shall not get to that point for more than a year!'

A Few 'Holds.'

Hold on to your hand when you are about to do an unkind act.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to speak harshly.

Hold on to your heart when evil persons invite you to join their ranks.

Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you in all times and places.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of forsaking the path of right.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your temper when you are excited, or angry, or others are angry with you.

Hold on to your good character, for it is and ever will be your best wealth.—Selected.

An Unconscious Benefactor.

(Hilda Richmond, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'Celia is counting so much on her visit to Wheaton and I know she will be disappointed,' said Mr. Randall to his wife as Celia joyfully placed an armload of clothes in the big open trunk in the sitting room. 'I almost wish something would happen to keep her at home.'

'Why, James,' said Mrs. Randall, in great surprise, 'it would break the child's heart not to see all her old playmates after this long absence. I am glad she is so delighted, for in these days young girls somehow affect a bored air over simple pleasures that is alarming. I hope Celia—'

'Then you should see the young folks in Wheaton,' broke in Mr. Randall. 'I never saw children so changed in my life. Of course one looks for a difference in five years, but I had difficulty in recognizing the boys and girls in the stylish young people I met last month. I didn't like to tell Celia but she'll find out soon enough. Mother says she thinks the trouble all came about when three or four new families moved to town, for up to that time the boys and girls were all right.'

'How are they different?' asked Mrs. Randall, anxiously. 'I don't want them to spoil Celia.'

'Well, for one thing, they think nothing is worth while unless it costs a great deal of money. Instead of the simple Friday night parties that used to break up at ten thirty they go in carriages to grown-up affairs and nothing begins in the town till nine or half past in the evening. You can imagine what effect that sort of thing has on the young people the next day, but their parents seem powerless to do anything. And it's making a distinction between people that I don't like, either. Tom Holland told me he never went anywhere any more because he can't af-

ford to hire a carriage to take a girl to a party. It is simply laughable to see them, but it's sad, too. I mortally insulted Isabel Nelson by calling her by her name. The idea of saying Miss Nelson to Isabel when she used to sit on one knee and Celia on the other to hear me tell stories a few years ago.'

'Would you tell Celia all about it, and keep her at home?' asked Mrs. Randall, as another pile of clothes went into the trunk.

'By no means. They can't spoil our little girl, Nellie. I'll be sorry to see her disappointed, but I wouldn't have her think we couldn't trust her by keeping her at home.'

So Celia departed all in a flutter to see the friends from whom she had been separated five long years. She could scarcely wait for the train to stop to jump out at the familiar station and look about for some of the boys and girls, though she had kept her visit a secret, intending to give them a pleasant surprise. She was prepared for some changes, for during her residence in a Western State, the town had doubled its population and two large factories had brought many new people there, her grandmother had told her in her letters, while the girls with whom she had kept up a correspondence mentioned many new names.

'I'll run over to see Bess as soon as dinner is over,' said Celia, after a long talk with her grandmother. 'I can hear her jolly laugh now when she finds out who I am. I have a great notion to put on a very dignified air and ask for Miss Parsons just to see her face when she comes into the sitting room.'

'You'll find Bess changed very much,' said Mrs. Randall. 'I can hardly realize when I look at her that she is the same girl I used to know.'

'Oh, I suppose she wears her skirts longer and hasn't those two pig-tails hanging down her back,' said Celia, easily; 'but inside she's the same old Bess.'

'I will see if Miss Elizabeth is in the dining-room,' said the trim maid who answered the bell. 'Take a chair,' and she left Celia trying to keep a demure face in the reception room.

'I'll have to sit with my face in the shadow,' thought Celia, not noticing in her excitement that the maid had waited with a tray for her card. 'She'll know me at once in this strong light.'

But before she had time to move Bess came slowly into the room, her silk skirt making a strange rustle in Celia's ears. 'Sadie said you wanted to see me,' she said, in an affected voice, advancing to where Celia sat dumfounded at the spectacle before her. With her French heels and elaborately dressed hair the young lady looked at least six feet tall to poor Celia, who managed to gasp out, 'Don't you know me, Bess? I'm Celia Randall.'

'Why, yes,' said the hostess, raising a pair of eyeglasses and examining the girl in the short skirt and simple shirtwaist critically. 'You have changed wonderfully, but still I can recognize you.'

'I wouldn't have known you,' said Celia, honestly wishing herself miles from that annoying pair of glasses. 'How long have you had trouble with your eyes?'

'About a year,' said Miss Parsons, dropping the pearl and gold toy in her lap. 'How did you enjoy living in California?'

Celia never could understand how she lived through that short call, but at the end of fifteen uncomfortable minutes she walked home with tears in her eyes and indignation in her heart. 'Are they all like that, grandma?' she asked, when she had sobbed out her disappointment in the familiar sitting room. 'Bess was my dearest friend, but she treated me like a stranger to-day. I didn't know what you meant when you said she was changed.'

'Most of them act like Bess,' said grandma, sadly. 'Since two or three of the new families came to town it seems the girls have lost their heads, as your father says. Helen Manley fretted till her father refurnished the parlor, though they couldn't afford it, and Isabel Nelson gave up her place in the store for fear she would not be in society if she worked. I am provoked with the girls and the boys are not much better, for even those who work spend everything for clothes and parties. Rose Forbes had a party last week and the flowers and favors were sent out

from the city, when everyone knows she could not afford such luxuries. You must not let these things spoil your visit, dear, but you will soon see the girls are not the same as they used to be.'

In time Celia met all her old friends and most of the new young people of the town, and learned not to be surprised at anything she saw or heard. She was invited to elaborate parties and received formal calls till her soul longed for just one old-fashioned visit with the girls and a party where the refreshments consisted of ice cream and cake or molasses candy, as in the old days. She wore her simple frocks, and tried not to see the contrast between them and the stylish clothes of the other girls, but in her heart she wished many times she had never come to her native town.

'Is your friend a working girl?' asked Eleanor Worden, after looking Celia over at a party.

'No, indeed,' said Bess Parsons, rather nettled. 'Mrs. Randall is her grandmother, and you know she is the richest woman in town.'

'Well, she looks like it,' said Miss Worden, with spirit. 'She's the only girl here who looks dowdy. I intended to call on her tomorrow, so I could invite her to my party next week, but if she has no better clothes than that white dress I've seen her wear a dozen times she would not feel at ease among my guests. She's very peculiar, isn't she?—I heard that she wouldn't allow John Forbes to get a carriage for this evening, and they walked all that distance.'

'All that distance' was about a quarter of a mile, but Bess had not the courage to defend her friend. 'She has not lived here for a long time,' she said, 'and may have absorbed independent notions out West.'

'Let's give Celia a little hint about her clothes,' suggested Isabel when Bess related Miss Worden's conversation next day in the fashionable ice cream parlor of the place. 'Eleanor's party is going to be the best of the season, and it's too bad for her to miss it. She can afford new clothes as well as any one, and it may be only carelessness that she is so shabby.'

Before anyone could reply two travelling men dropped into the next booth and their first words arrested the attention of the girls separated from them only by a curtain. 'This town used to have the nicest young people you ever saw,' the elder of the two was saying, 'but you can't find them now. Yes, I'll take strawberry ice cream. The girls are losing their complexions and getting fat from too much candy and lolling about, and the young men think they are civilized when they wear loud ties and spend every cent they earn.'

'Well, if their parents allow them to do things like that you should not blame the young folks,' said his companion, who was a young salesman.

'Now, see here,' said the elder man, 'don't blame the parents, for they have all the troubles they can stand living with the foolish boys and girls. I have four children of my own, and I know what I'm talking about. You can do your best for your children, and along comes a set of fast young folks to make them discontented before you can count five, that's exactly what's happened to this town. The Wordens and a few other families who haven't had their money long enough to know how to use it are spoiling the whole town. I used to know the Wordens years ago, when they were as poor as church mice, and it amuses me now to hear them talk about working people. It isn't the fault of the parents at all. Several of my customers are going to fail simply because their sons and daughters demand things they cannot afford. You don't know what it is to have girls crying and pouting for new clothes and new furniture, but some of the fathers and mothers of this town do.'

The girls behind the curtain were speechless with anger, but each one was wondering what business men the man was speaking of. They tried to get a glimpse of the men as they went out, but it was impossible to tell who they were, and a group of very thoughtful girls went slowly home to consult mirrors and wonder how much truth was in the statements they had overheard.

'I really believe I am getting heavy,' said

Isabel Nelson, anxiously looking at the flushed face in her looking glass. 'I wonder if eating candy has anything to do with spoiling your complexion? That horrid man wouldn't know, surely.'

Bess Parsons went straight to her father with the story as soon as he came home that night, and heard the astonishing news that even their home was mortgaged. 'Of course it is not your fault, child,' he said, when she wept bitterly, 'but everything combined to make the debt larger. I could have paid for the new furniture and fine clothes all right if several losses had not come upon me during the past few months. I am glad you know that it is vulgar to make a display of money, for the man you listened to this afternoon told the truth. Your mother and I have often tried to tell you that, but young people are slow to learn some things at home.'

'Just think of the scrape I'm in,' said Eleanor Worden next day, stopping Bess on the street. 'I sent an invitation to Isabel Nelson, and ten minutes after the coachman started to deliver them she waited on me in Porter's store. I nearly fell through the floor, but she was as cool as you please. She knows we never associate with working people; but I'm sure she'll be at the party. Do advise me, dear? Shall I send her a note or would you object to telling her kindly how I feel on that subject?'

'I don't think you need to worry,' said Bess, coolly. 'Isabel told me after you left the store that she wouldn't think of going. I'm going to begin teaching as sub for Miss Gaines next week, so I'll soon be a working girl, too.'

'Dear me! How very odd!' said Miss Worden, adjusting her glasses to stare at Bess. 'Really, I'm glad I found it out in time, for I was about to ask you to assist at our reception, but of course you will be too busy now.'

'How on earth has Celia managed to endure us three weeks if we all try to be like that?' said Bess aloud, staring after the carriage. 'I'm heartily ashamed of myself.'

'Why?' asked Celia, merrily, coming out of a store in time to catch the words Bess uttered in deep disgust.

'Explanations are unnecessary,' said Bess, briefly, linking her arm in that of her friend. 'Thank fortune, it isn't too late to reform.'

'Grandma wants me to have a party this evening at seven thirty, and I'm out telling folks about it,' said Celia, squeezing Bess's arm against her side in the old fashion. 'You're to be one of the taffy-makers.'

How the word flew around so quickly no one ever knew, but the big kitchen at Mrs. Randall's swarmed with boys and girls in sensible clothes that evening, and the party turned into a grand celebration when all the young folks solemnly declared they had come to their senses for all time.

'I don't know how Aunt Mary found out so quickly that I am going to work, but she did,' whispered Bess to Celia during the noise and fun. 'She's going to lend father the money to pay all his debts and all because I took that place in the schools. I am hoping we will live down this foolishness, but it will take a long time.'

'It won't any such thing,' answered Celia, positively, 'for it was all on the surface. I told grandma that inside you were the same old Bess, and I was right.'

'I'll take courage and do my best if you think it's only veneer on top of solid stuff,' said Bess, much encouraged. 'After what that man said the other day I was sure I was shoddy clear through. And, Celia, the trouble with my eyes is all gone since I disposed of that absurd affair on the stick. What a goose I was.'

Making Odd Moments Pay.

A boy was employed to mind a lawyer's office, and he had a daily paper to amuse himself with. He began to study French, and at the little desk became a fluent reader and writer of the French language. He accomplished this by laying aside the newspaper and taking up something not so amusing, but far more profitable.

A coachman was often obliged to wait long hours while his mistress made long calls. He

The People of the Wood:

(Grace Maynard Buck, in the 'Christian Intelligencer'.)

1.

The long-stemmed purple violets
Were bordering my way,
As down a woodland path I walked
One afternoon in May.

2.

Upon my knees I quickly fell
Before young Parson Jack,
And noticed that his pulpit
Was lined with shining black.



3.

One must be very humble,
Or one will never see
Those mural decorations
That were revealed to me.

4.

And such acoustic properties!
How very fine they are!
When his sermon is delivered
It must be carried far.

5.

A little distance from the path
I saw a fairy den,
And through the shady foliage
One ray of sunshine fell.

6.

It lighted five small lanterns
(You call them Columbine).
They glowed there in the darkness
Like drops of crimson wine.

7.

They are hung to light the way;
For the people of the wood,
Are gathering round Jack's pulpit,
They are reverent and good.

8.

Except one naughty little plant;
Its wild oats it will sow,
And Jack is quite discouraged
To see it thrive and grow.

9.

But the orchid and the violet,
The trillium and the fern,
Are thronging up the forest aisles,
A thirst are they to learn.

10.

And in the early Autumn,
If, like me, you really care,
You'll come into the woods again,
To see the fruit they bear.

determined to improve the time. He found a small volume containing the 'Elogues' of Virgil, but could not read it; so he purchased a Latin grammar. Day by day he studied this, and finally mastered its intricacies. His mistress came behind him one day as he stood by the horses waiting for her, and asked him what he was so intently reading.

'Only a bit of Virgil, my lady.'

'What! do you read Latin?'

'A little, my lady.'

She mentioned this to her husband, who insisted that David should have a teacher to instruct him. In a few years David became a learned man, and was for many years a useful and beloved minister of Scotland.—Nashville 'Advocate.'

No Sense In It.

In one family where Phillips Brooks sometimes visited the four children loved to gather around him, the younger two on his knees, and the older two leaning one on each shoulder. He would enter into all their childish affairs apparently with no less interest than was shown by the children. On one occasion a little girl, perhaps twelve years old, was telling of some childish grievance, and concluded her story with the words, 'It made me real cross.'

'Cross!' exclaimed the bishop; 'why, Carrie! I didn't suppose you were ever cross.'

'Wouldn't you be cross,' replied the child, 'if anybody had treated you so?'

'I don't know whether I would or not,' said

the bishop; 'Perhaps I should if it would do any good. Did it make you feel any better?'

'No,' said the girl.

'Did it make anybody feel any better?'

'No,' came the answer again, hesitatingly.

'Then,' answered the bishop, 'I don't see any sense in being cross, and wouldn't be again if I were you.'—Christian Advocate.

The Best Time of the Year.

O, which do you think, my dear, my dear,
Is the very best time of all the year?
Is it when north winds fiercely blow,
Heaping the whirling, drifting snow
O'er hillside and valley, far and near?
Which do you think, my dear?

Or is it when south winds softly creep
To beds where starry-eyed violets sleep,
Calling to buds on flower and tree,
Bringing the news to bird and bee
That spring is coming—will soon be here—
The best time of the year?

Is it when west winds, laughing in glee,
Shake down the brown nuts from some dream-
ing tree?
Ah, well, dear heart, this do we know;
Whichever way the winds may blow—
From north or south, from east or west—
Each season, in its time, is best.
God's wisdom makes each one, my dear,
The best time of the year!

—Selected.



LESSON.—SUNDAY, JUNE 30, 1907.

Temperance Lesson.

I. Corinthians, x., 23-33. Memory verse, 31. Read the chapter.

Golden Text.

It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth.—Rom. xiv., 21.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 24.—I. Cor. x., 1-22.
 Tuesday, June 25.—I. Cor. x., 23-33.
 Wednesday, June 26.—I. Cor. vi., 1-20.
 Thursday, June 27.—Rom. xiv., 1-23.
 Friday, June 28.—Rom. xv., 1-16.
 Saturday, June 29.—I. Cor. viii., 1-13.
 Sunday, June 30.—Gal. v., 1-26.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

How many of you are quite sure you know what is right and what wrong? Yes, we all know, for instance, that a lie is wrong, and that to steal is wrong. We know that to tell the truth is right, and to be kind to one another is right. But there are some things which are quite right in themselves, but are wrong in certain cases. Let us think of a few:—It is quite right to go out for a long day's fishing or a picnic in the woods, but if mother should say, 'Now, don't go away from the front garden, Jack, as I shall want you this morning.' It would be quite wrong to go. It is quite right too, to stay at home on a holiday and play, but on other days when one is expected to go to school, and is able to do so, it is quite wrong to stay at home. It is all right, too, for Charlie with his big rubber boots on to run into the pond when his yacht gets capsized, but not to do it if he knows little Baby Bob in his little white socks and shoes will be bound to run in after him. Then, how can we tell what it is quite right for us to do?

Explain to the children how our liberty is always bounded by its effects on those about us, and how, if we neglect these right and natural boundaries, harm is bound to come, just as a river breaking over its banks brings destruction to those who live near it. Of course the question of drinking alcoholic liquors is not quite the same as the other situations supposed as alcohol is a poison, and it is morally wrong to knowingly take any poison even in small doses.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The reading of the whole chapter of to-day's lesson will establish quite a connection with the previous course. Paul's desire was to show that even with the greatest advantages it was possible to fail, and to teach his readers that we should learn from such examples what to avoid. He deprecates self-confidence and advocates trust in God. Paul is dealing with a specific question that was greatly troubling the Christians of his day. As portions of all the animals of which the meat was sold in the public markets had been sacrificed to idols, was it necessary to abstain from any purchase there? And as at every meal in a heathen house portions of the food had been previously offered to idols, was it therefore necessary to avoid eating with their heathen friends in future? Paul's answer is straightforward and simple—An idol is nothing, therefore the mere fact that a portion of the food has been offered in sacrifice to it cannot pollute the food. The earth is the Lord's, and he gives it and all therein to his

children's use. However, if a Christian in the company, 'a weak brother,' thinks such eating to be wrong, or a heathen companion considers it a point gained against your Christian character, it is your duty as a Christian to abstain, for what do you gain by an assertion of liberty that is looked upon by others as defeat? (verses 29, 30). Essentially the same argument holds good in the modern question of total abstinence with this difference, that while meat is a food, alcohol is generally acknowledged a poison. The question that is sometimes brought up as to whether it is right for a man to sign the pledge, and so sign away his personal liberty is rather curious. A man will accept an invitation which binds him as a gentleman to be at a certain place at a certain time, or sign a contract which impels him under a money penalty to erect such a building by such a date, and in neither case does he consider his personal liberty infringed. He is entirely free, although bound, because the agreement has been made of his own free will. In the same way the man who signs the pledge has availed himself of the highest freedom, that of pledging his adherence to high ideals.

SELECTIONS.

A good driver drives with his eye on every other driver in the street. It is not enough for me to drive my own horse and take care of my own waggon. I must look out for other people's horses and waggons as well. I must make calculation as to whether that man who is coming toward me will come so near to me, or so near. I must consider whether I can pass on this side or that. I must keep in view the position of all the vehicles in the street and act accordingly. Unless I do these things I am not a good driver, and a man in carrying his own conscience must consider the consciences of others. He must see that in following the dictates of his own conscience he does not do violence to the consciences of other people.—Henry Ward Beecher.

As the Arctic voyager who has been frozen up all winter does not seize the first opportunity to escape, but waits till his weaker companions gain strength enough to accompany him, so must the Christian accommodate himself to the weaknesses of others.—'Expositor's Bible.'

Verse 31.—This Principle, of doing everything to the glory of God, would put a speedy end to the sale and the use of intoxicants. Could any one run a saloon to the glory of God? Could any one get drunk to God's glory, or even, to God's glory, tippie a little, and thus put a temptation in the way of the young, or of the drunkard who is trying to reform? It is impossible to conceive such a thing. Nothing on earth is more hostile to the glory of God than the saloon.—'Peloubet's Notes.'

The saloon is the enemy of God. Its forces are against the forces that make for righteousness; it makes a brute of the being God created in his own image and likeness; its very atmosphere reeks with blasphemy; it destroys all faith, all virtue, all love toward God, reverence for God, likeness to God; it is the organized express of the kingdom of Satan among men.

For it, is the devil; against it, God. For it, vice; against it, virtue. For it, the brothel; against it, the home. For it, falsehood; against it, truth. For it, the anarchist; against it, the statesman. For it, poverty; against it, plenty. For it, misery; against it, happiness. For it, disease; against it, health. For it, death; against it, life. For it, hell; against it, heaven.—The Rev. Frederick D. Power, LL.D.

HE KNEW NOT HIS POWER.

He toiled on the street for his daily bread, Jostled and pushed by the surging throng. 'No one has time to watch,' he said, 'Whether I choose the right or the wrong; No one can be by me misled.'

He chose the wrong, and thought no one cared;

But a child lost that day his ideal of strength; A cynic sneered at the soul ensnared; A weak man halted, faltered, at length Followed him into the sin he had dared.

—George Lee Burton

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Gal. vi., 2; Phil. ii., 3, 4; Rom. xv., 1, 2; I. Tim. iv., 4, 5; Rom. xiv., 2, 3, 7; I. Cor. ix., 25-27; I. Cor. vi., 10; Gal. v., 21.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 30.—Topic—Missions in our own land. Isa. lii., 7.

Junior C. E. Topic.**CHRIST IN AFRICA.**

Monday, June 24.—The sons of Ham. Gen. x., 1-9.

Tuesday, June 25.—Woe on Ethiopia. Isa. xlviii., 1-6.

Wednesday, June 26.—A fulfilled prophecy. Ezek. xxix., 8-14.

Thursday, June 27.—A query. Jer. xiii., 23-25.

Friday, June 28.—A kind African. Jer. xxxviii., 7-13.

Saturday, June 29.—Africa's future. Jer. lxxviii., 31-35.

Suggestions.

Praise children who come on hot days. Dear superintendent, don't talk everlastingly. Be a sermon in shoes to the members of your class.

A boys' choir can be made a valuable feature in any school.

Have a committee to look up absentees, a live, working committee.

It takes a teacher with life and vigor to hold the attention of the boys.

The teachers' meeting is a great big necessity with every successful school.

Mr. Superintendent, do not use ten minutes making your announcements.

Large movable screens set up between classes are a good substitute for needed class rooms.

Remember the soft spot in a child is the feelings. You can win him by playing that string.

Deal much in stories to illustrate the points in the lesson. A child takes to a story like a duck to water.

Normal work should be carefully conducted. A good way is to give half an hour at the teachers' meeting to it.

Long-winded, goody-goody speeches after a long lesson make the children feel as if they were sitting on pins.

A few verses to learn will be a great blessing to your pupils. It is a good thing to have a good many of the Bible's golden nuggets hid in one's heart.—'Epworth Herald.'

DOMINION DAY SERVICE.

We will in the next issue of the 'Messenger' give a short patriotic service which may be used at any Dominion Day gathering, or if desired may take the place of the usual opening and closing exercises of our Canadian Sunday Schools on June 29th.

If used for the Sunday School we would suggest that Teachers, Officers and Choir should be given the paper containing the service in advance, and the scholars receive them at the opening of the school.

LITTLE FOLKS

The Pre-scrip-tion.

(By Abbie Farwell Brown, in
'Congregationalist.')

It was a very dreadful time
When my Mamma lay ill,
The Nurse went tiptoe through the
halls,
The house was sad and still.

The doctor with his medicines
Came every single day;
He would not let me see Mamma
To kiss her pain away!

But every time he looked so grave—
For dear Mamma was worse;
I knew they could not make her
well,
That Doctor and that Nurse.

I sat before the chamber door
And cried and cried and cried—
I knew that I could cure Mamma
If I could be inside.

But once I had a splendid thought;
Behind the Doctor's back,
To write my own Pre-scrip-tion out,
And tuck it through the crack!

I made upon a paper sheet
Round kisses in a shower,
And wrote—'A kiss for my Mamma.
Please take one every hour.'

And from that very time, of course,
My dear Mamma grew well.
The Doctor thinks it was his pills,
And I shall never tell!

The Peacemaker.

(Frank H. Sweet, in 'SS. Messenger')

'That flower's mine!' cried
Jennie, her voice rising a little;
'I saw it first.'

'But you didn't pick it,' retorted
Mary. 'You were going right by.
It's the prettiest flower we've seen,
and I picked it. It's mine.'

'No it isn't. All this land round
here belongs to my father.'

'Well, I'm your guest, I'm sure.
Guests always come first; that's
what my mother says.'

'Cheery, cheery, cheer-up, cheer-
up!' sang a robin in the bushes
close beside them, and both girls
turned quickly; the voice was so
near, almost as though it were
speaking right to them. 'Cheer,



SEVEN sailors bold are we;
Boys and girls, as you
may see:

How far sailing we may go
We at present do not know!

If so deep it did not seem
We might sail across the
stream;

Or a little way beyond,
Where the ducks are on the
pond!

Seven sailors bold are we,
Yet our way we do not see;
Fearing what may be in store,
Perhaps we'd better stay on shore!

EDWARD OXENEORD.

—'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

cheer, cheer-up!' the bird sang
blithely, and the sunshine dropping
through the leaves seemed to rest
lovingly upon his black head and
rusty red breast.

Jennie flushed a little self-
consciously and looked at Mary
through the corner of her eyes.
'Maybe I'll not take the flower
this time,' she said a little doubt-
fully, 'even if it did grow on my
father's land. I—I forgot for just
a minute about you being a guest.'

'Oh, I don't want the old flower,'
shortly. 'Here, take the thing.
It doesn't matter about being a
guest. The land's yours.'

'Chee-chee-cheer-i-ly!' sang on
the robin. 'Cheer-up-up-up!' The
sunshine slipped from his back as
he hopped to another branch, and
glistened down through the leaves
to a nest just below. It was so
near the girls could see the blue
eggs. Jennie made a resolute

effort, and the last vestige of
shadow left her face.

'Don't you mind a word of what
I've said, Mary!' she exclaimed
contritely. 'I was just cross, and
got out the wrong side of the bed,
I guess. Of course the flower is
yours. It was only my—my dis-
temper, and I'm sorry. Now let's
be friends again.'

'It was my distemper, too!' cried
Mary quickly. 'I was as cross as
could be.'

Then the lips of the little girls
met lovingly, and the robin sang
happily on, for had he not helped
to make peace between these little
friends?

Dillydally.

Dillydally was nearly seven
years old. See if you can guess
why he came to have such a funny
name.

'Oh, Dillydally! Where are you,

dear? Run quickly with this pail to the grocer's and get it full of molasses, and don't spill a bit. I want it for—well, no matter what. I want it.'

That molasses was for molasses candy. His mother had just remembered that it was his birthday.

Dilly took it and ran out of the door. He was always quick enough at starting. His trouble was afterward. In the hedge by the garden gate he spied a yellow breast and heard a sweet note that made him stop to see what the leaves hid. That took a minute. 'Oh, I must hurry!' he said, and started again; but this time Mr. Toad hopped out in a friendly way to make him linger. A dozen things stopped him, he had to play a game of marbles with some boys he knew. He saw a balloon up in the sky, and watched it until it was a speck like a black pin head. It was almost dark when he came in sight of home.

'Oh, Dillydally!' cried his mother, 'where have you been all this time? It was your party, and all the little boys and girls I sent for had to go home it grew so late. I had to cut the cake to give them all a piece, and there wasn't anybody to play games or anything. It was too bad!'

Wasn't it? Dilly thought so. A boy's birthday party without any boy to it!

'Oh, Dilly! Dilly!' said his mother sorrowfully, 'why won't you earn a better name?'

Dillydally says that he is going to. How do you suppose that he will do it?—'Child's Hour.'

As the Apple of His Eye.

Have you noticed how God has surrounded your eye and mine with wonderful defences? For any danger to reach the 'apple of the eye'—that is, the beautiful colored part, which is so soft and so sensitive—it has to get past quite a number of defences.

First of all, God has set the eye in a little hollow. It lies sheltered, as it were, like a house in a valley.

Just above it is a strong, bony ridge, which arches over it and gets many a knock which would endanger the eye. When, the other

day, you struck your face against something hard it was the bony part, not the eye, which got the bruise.

And that narrow furry strip we call the eyebrow, have you ever thought what use it serves?

It is not put there merely for ornament. When you have been running fast on a hot day, great drops of moisture stand out on your



forehead, and if there was no eyebrow they would roll down into the eye and make it smart; but the eyebrow hairs catch the trickle and it goes no farther.

That is defence number two.

Then God has hung over the eye a delicate shutter. It is not hard and clumsy, like the shutters of a shop window, nor does it take so long to put up and take down. It moves so fast that there is a saying, 'In the twinkling of an eye,' which means very fast indeed. We call this shutter the eyelid. When we want to forget the outside world and go to sleep, the shutter drops down.

And have you noticed that the eyelid is like a shutter and a watchman all in one? When anything comes towards the eye and would hurt it, the shutter closes of its own accord. It is so sensitive.

But the air is often full of dust and tiny things which would hurt the eye if they got on the soft, beautiful 'apple.' So God has put a silky fringe all along the edge of the eyelid, to keep out as many as possible of those stinging grains of dust.

Now, think of all these defences and then think of the text (Deuteronomy 32, 10): 'He kept him as the apple of His eye.'

Could anything be a truer picture of God's loving care of His children? —'Friendly Greetings.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

The Fox and the Chick.

(Clara J. Denton, in 'Michigan Christian Advocate'.)

(A True Tale in Short Words.)

Once there was a hen who lived in a coop. She had ten wee chicks, five were white, and five were black. Though the old hen had to stay shut up in the coop, the chicks could run far and wide. When they ran too far off the old hen would call, 'Cluck, cluck, cluck!' Then they would all run back to her warm, soft wings, and hide where no one could see them.

Not far from this coop a pet fox was chained to his nice, warm house. He had to be made fast to his house, for he was fond of young chicks, and that you know was a bad trick. The old hen said to her chicks each day, 'Cluck, cluck, cluck, stay far from that sly fox, for he would just love to eat you.'

He would run out the full length of his chain, and try to grab one of the chicks, but they were too smart for him; they kept back too far for his chain to reach.

But one day he thought of a sharp trick, for a fox, you must know, is a smart beast.

He left his nice food, just where the maid had put it near his house, then he scraped up a lot of sticks and leaves in a heap just back of the food. The next thing he did was to crawl into his house and lie down. The pile of leaves and sticks hid his sharp nose and keen eyes, but he could see through it, and so would know if a chick should come near. By and by one came.

'The fox has gone to sleep,' he thought, 'and I can eat all I want of his nice food.'

O, what a fine time for him, and he ate, and ate, the food was so good.

Then, pounce! went the fox, and the poor chick was in his paws.

But the maid had seen him; she ran out and took the chick from him, it ran home with a 'Yip! yip!'

Then what do you think that bad fox did? He piled up the stuff once more, and crawled back into his house. But the maid came out and swept the leaves and sticks far off where the fox could not reach them, so he did not get a nice fat chick to eat.

Aren't you glad of that?

This is a true tale, for I knew that fox well, and I saw his smart trick with my own two eyes.

Correspondence

L., Que.

Dear Editor,—I saw you printed letters from the children in your paper, so I thought I would write too. I go to school to my sister, and some time ago she told us if we got subscribers to the 'Messenger' and the 'Witness' we would get a flag for our school. We got \$12.00 worth of subscriptions, and got our flag. We liked it very much, and are very proud of it. I think it was well worth our trouble. We have got a nice pole, and are going to hoist it this week. I drove a team putting in the crops this spring.

HANS JOHNSON (age 13).

[Your riddles have been asked before, Hans.—Ed.]

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write you a few lines to tell you I am well, and hope this will find you the same. We had a very

two sisters younger. I love them all. We are going to plant flowers and seeds this month, and I hope they will grow up nicely. I also think it would be nice if everyone would tell what five places they would like to visit in Canada. My five favorite places that I would like to visit are Winnipeg, Toronto, Quebec, Ottawa, and all Ontario. I am going to get two little dogs this month; their names are Rover and Bose.

WESLEY LAMBERT.

P. B., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy 11 years old. I have five brothers and four sisters. We live very near the river. We make play-boats and sail them. We have two churches, and a light-house here. We have also a new school-house. P. B. is only a small place; the houses are all settled along the river.

H. L. KAISER.

St. John.

Dear Editor,—I have a nice home, and I go to school. I am in the Fourth Grade. I have

Manitoulin Island.

Dear Editor,—I have been an interested reader of your paper ever since we have taken it in our Sunday school. I go to school, and am in the senior fourth reader. It is not a very large school, because this is not a very big place. It is just a fishing station. This is a very cold spring; this is the 27th of May, yet it is snowing dreadfully, and it is very cold also. This is a very nice place in the summer. My father is a fisherman. Mostly all the people around here are fishermen. I am thirteen years of age, and will be fourteen in July.

I. P. CHISHOLM.

MISLAID LETTERS.

Something very unfortunate has happened. A large bundle of the very nicest letters that were laid aside to be printed got mislaid, and now, when they turn up again, we find that a great many of them are quite out of season. Some of them would do after a little cutting down, and will be printed later, but all the others have been listed below. If any one of you has written a letter and had no word of the letter, look in the list and see if your name is there. It is quite too bad that this happened, as some of these letters were very good.

George F. Miner, D. P., Ont.; Mabel Irene Herald, B. F., Ont.; Clifford A. Haines, G., Ont.; Edith Hendrie, L., N. Dak.; R. P. Stone, S. S., Ont.; Ruth E. Young, C., Ont.; Mina C. Cameron, L. B., N.S.; Charles Greer, H., Ont.; Shirley W. Parker, W. N., N.S.; O. N. Tracy, S. B., Ont.; Blanche Serviss, L., Kans.; Norman McK. Murray, A., Ont.; J. B. Corkum, E. M. L. H., N.S.; Ida May Miller, N., Man.; Margaret M. Cameron, and Julia Hayes Cameron, E., N.S.; John E. Donaldson, L., Ont.; Arthur W., M., Ont.; Gladys Patterson G. B., Ont.; Lena B. Meikle, G. M., Que.; Zella Brown, C., Ont.; Lloyd Dickin, B., Sask.; Verna E. Ferguson, P., Ont.; Arthur C. Parker, B., Ont.; Fred Tully, K., Man.; Jessie Robb, K., Que.; Muriel Lockhart, L., Man.; E. M. Dunsmore, W., Man.; M. Gertie Sargent, W., Man.; Clara Annis, D., Ont.; Arthur Kilmough, P., Sask.; Etta Gipeon, E., Ont.; Gertie Thompson, F., Sask.; Ora K. Shankle, L. H., N.S.; Duncan D. McLeod, D., Ont.; Roderick Bell, T. J., Ont.; G. W. Brown, L., Ont.; G. Brooks, C., Ont.; B. C. Parrons, F. L., Nfld.; S. B. Field, Q. P., Sask.; Minerva M. Hodgkins, W., N.S.; Mary McLeod, P. M., N.S.; Fred Hungerford, K., Ont.; Mae Mattinson, T., N.S.; Marjory Thomson, T. N., Ont.; S. M. Brooks, B., P. E. I.; Annie Manlow, L., Wash.; Jean Cooke, M. B., N.S.; Alfred J. Dukes, U., Ont.; 'Blue Eyes,' Dean, N.S.; E. Gordon Whittaker, R., P.Q.; Annie L. Paynter, N. E., P. E. I.; Lily C. B. Curtis, B., Nfld.; Carlton Rodgers, L., Kans.; Flossie G., Ont.; Olive A., A., Ont.; Marjorie E. Wilson, M., Man.; Albert W. Stuart, N., Que.; Katie E. MacLeod, P. M., N.S.; Ruth Wilson, C. B., Ont.; Lillie Lamb, N., Man.; Gusse Schmidt, O., Kans.; Aura Hall, S. A., Mich.; Jennie Varnell, T., Ont.; Myrtle E. Grant, A. J., N.B.; Helen D. Beale, U. C., N.S.; Willie Stewart, M., Que.; Jean Duncan, G., Ont.; Josephine Austin, D., Nebr.; Mae Barnard, B., P. E. I.; Viola M. Elliott, P., Ont.; Austin Clark, C. H.; N. B.; Eveyn Brown, H., Ont.; Beryl Bowman, B., Mich.; Nellis E. Hodgkins, S., Que.; Myrel Cox, A., Ont.; A Country Girl, Antier, Sask.; Valentine Churchill, H., N.S.; M. Nina Hicky, P. W., N.B.; Roy Spafford, S. C., Ont.; Glenn A. Morgan, W., Ont.; Florence Morton, St. O., Ont.; Muriel Barber, M., Man.; Marjorie Weaver, V., Ont.; Harold Freeman, R., Ont.; Muriel S. Moore, C., N.B.; Dell Arbing, F., P. E. I.; Warren H. Carr, B., Mass.; Harold S. Cooper, B., Que.; Alma Currie L., Ont.; Myrtle Smith, C., Ont.; Clinton A. Forsythe, W. R., N.S.; Muriel DeMille, G., N.B.; Lillian Gibson, B., Ont.; Nina May Cameron, I. E. R., N.S.; Charles W. Taylor, M. L., Ont.; Eva M., Roseland, Ont.; Louis B. Clark, U. N., N.B.; Marion Ford, S., B.C.; Talvage Stone, F., Ont.; Beecher Haggan, L., Ont.; Ina L. Stirtzinger, D., Ont.; Russell Beckwith, N., N.S.; Ina A. Fieldhouse, W., Ont.; Herbert Phillips, H., Ont.; Mary Kalem, B. G., Que.; Charles H. Browne, C., Ont.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Paddling His Own Canoe.' Lela S. Acorn (aged 12), M. V., P.E.I.
2. 'House.' Madge Scott (aged 9), H., Man.
3. 'In the Good Old Summer Time.' Nettie Wylie, G., Ont.
4. 'Our Dog Sport.' Blanche Dodge (aged 11), H. R., Oregon.
5. 'A Busy Day.' Richie Bradley (aged 11), G., Ont.

6. 'Pony.' M. McLean, L., Alta.
7. 'Pot of Flowers.' C. B. MacIntosh (aged 9), P. R., N.S.
8. 'Our House.' Emma Schater, L., Alta.
9. 'Mr. Elephant.' F. Ralph Burford (aged 9), C. P., Ont.
10. 'Pussy Willows.' A. M., Lamont, Alta.
11. 'A Stable.' Fred Cowan (aged 10), U. S., Ont.

severe winter, and a long spring. I have two miles to go to school, but I don't think that is far. My father runs a saw mill, but he only runs it in the winter, except once in a while he runs it on rainy days. It is a wet and nasty day to-day.

TRAVIS JOE HADLEY.

U., Man.

Dear Editor,—I am a girl 12 years old in June, in the third book and fourth grade at school. I have four sisters and two brothers. We live on a farm. We came to Canada this spring, and like this country. We live a mile and three-quarters from school. Four of us go to school. I will close with a little story.

ALL SHE HAD.

In the absence of his wife, and the illness of the servant, Mr. Taylor undertook to help his little three-year-old Marjory, to dress. He had succeeded in getting her arms in the sleeves, and through the armholes of her garments, and had buttoned her into them.

Then he told her to put on her shoes herself, and he would button them. He soon discovered that she was vainly striving to put a left shoe on her right foot. 'Why, Marjory,' he said, impatiently, 'don't you know any better than that? You are putting your shoes on the wrong feet.' 'Dey's all de foots I dot, Papa,' replied Marjory, tearfully.

ESTHER MAY DUNPHY.

St. John.

Dear Editor,—I go to school, and am in the Fourth book. I do not have to go out of the house to our school, as I am in the Protestant Orphanage. I have been in this home five years and a half. I am thirteen years old, and have three brothers older than myself, and

two sisters and three brothers. My eldest sister is in the First Book. We like our reading and arithmetic very much. We have a nice playing ground, and go out for a walk once in a week. We have a swing in the summer, and play ball at night after tea. We have gardens in our yard, and we expect to have a nice place. I have been in the home three and a half years, and I am 12 years old. My sister is 11. There are 14 boys and 24 girls, 38 all together. There are 5 classes in our school, and our teacher has a hard time to teach them their lessons.

EMMA VERDA PORTER.

St. John.

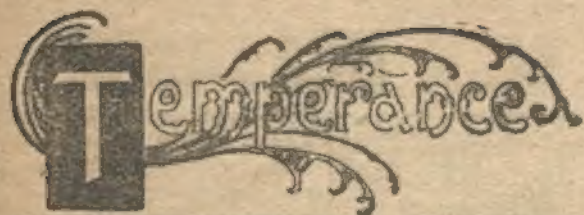
Dear Editor,—I have two sisters and one brother, and I live in the Protestant Orphanage. I only see my friends once a month. I am 12 years old. Our school is in the house, right off the dining-room. We have a big play ground. Our teacher has a hard time to teach all the classes. I am in the Fourth Grade. My brother is fifteen years old, and my two sisters are ten and six.

EDITH IRENE STEWART.

St. John.

Dear Editor,—I have four brothers and one sister. I go to school, and am in the Fourth Grade. I like reading and spelling very much. I find that arithmetic is the hardest study. I live in the Protestant Orphanage, and have been here five years and a half. One of my brothers is trying to be a plumber. There are 43 children in the home, and 38 go to school. I am a girl nine years old. We have a big play yard for girls, and one for the boys. We have spelling matches once a week. We went out to the country a year ago. We have cardboard work every Friday.

CELIA MARGARET LAMBERT.



What Is There Better?

What is there better than water,
Keeping us healthy and strong;
Making our pathways the brighter,
Filling earth's valleys with song.

Joy to the weary it bringeth,
Down from the fountains of light;
Give me the beautiful water,
Bountiful, sparkling and bright.

—William Hoyle.

An Expensive Badge.

A young man in a London omnibus noticed the blue ribbon total abstinence badge on a fellow-passenger's coat, and asked him in a bantering tone 'how much he got' for wearing it.

'That I cannot exactly say,' replied the other, 'but it costs me about £20,000 a year.'

The wearer of the badge was Frederick Charrington, son of a rich brewer, and the intended successor of his father's business. He had been convinced of the evil of the ale and beer trade, and refused to continue in it, though it would have brought him an income of £20,000 a year.

He preferred a life of Christian philanthropy to a career of money-making; and his activity soon made him known throughout the kingdom as a most successful temperance evangelist. His work, organized in the tent meeting on Mile End Road, has grown steadily for twenty years, and now fills 'the largest mission hall in the world.'—*The Children's Record.*

Time He Quit.

A professional gentleman who was accustomed to take his morning glass, stepped into a saloon, and going up to the bar called for whiskey. A seedy individual stepped up to him and said:

'I say, squire, can't you ask an unfortunate fellow to join you?'

He was annoyed by the man's familiarity, and roughly told him:

'I am not in the habit of drinking with tramps.'

The tramp replied:

'You need not be so cranky and high-minded, my friend. I venture to say that I am of just as good family as you are, have just as good an education, and before I took to drink was just as respectable as you are. What is more, I always knew how to act the gentleman. Take my word for it, you stick to whiskey, and it will bring you to the same place as I am.'

Struck with his words, the gentleman set down his glass and turned to look at him. His eyes were blood-shot, his face bloated, his boots mismatched, his clothing filthy.

Then: 'Was it drink that made you like this?'

'Yes, it was; and it will bring you to the same if you stick to it.'

Picking up his untouched glass, he poured its contents upon the floor, and said, 'Then it's time I quit,' and left the saloon, never to enter it again.—*Selected.*

I'll Take What Father Takes.

Near the close of a lovely June day a company of brilliant men gathered at a garden banquet. The pavilion was set among beds of flowers and opened toward the west.

The table was a dream of beauty with its fruits and flowers, its flashing glass and glittering silver. Some of the noblest of the land sat around the board. Among them was an eager, bright-eyed boy, brought to his first club dinner by his father, an honored judge.

Wit and wisdom sparkled back and forth and wine gleamed like ruby and amber. The boy saw and heard everything. This was an

enchanted land. For the first time he looked upon the faces and heard the voices of great men who had been his heroes from afar. Their words, their hearing, their dress, were full of interest. Yet of all this goodly company, to him his father was the king.

An empty glass stood by his plate—a dainty shell with points that caught the light like diamonds. A waiter stopped beside him with a tray of costly drinks, and named them over glibly, questioning: 'What will you take?'

The judge was an abstainer at home. The boy had never tasted wine. The names were strange to him. But he said with ready confidence, 'I'll take what father takes.'

The father heard. The glass in his uplifted hand shed over it a crimson light like blood. All eyes were upon him. Was he afraid to drink? In a swift vision he saw the serpent in the cup. For policy, for pride, for social custom should he set this deadly thing upon his best beloved? There was a hush as he set down the untasted wine and said distinctly, 'I'll take water—cold water.'—*Crusader's Monthly.*

A Keeper of a Liquor-shop Destroys Her Stock-in-Trade.

There is a story of a woman in the United States, who was one of many left a widow after the terrible Civil War of 1861-5. She had to support a number of children, and she saw no other way to do it but by selling liquor, and she felt that her great need justified her in doing what otherwise she might not have considered quite right. But one day she was converted, and at once saw it to be her duty to disconnect herself from whiskey. She did not stop at abstract belief, but though she did not know what she was to turn her hand to for a livelihood, she boldly did that which she was convinced was right; and taking an axe, stove in the heads of the barrels, and dashed in pieces the bottles. She did not sell the business to the highest bidder, and then live on the money. No; every drop of the liquor that was in her shop was allowed to run down the gutter. While it ran, she called a prayer-meeting, and offered this prayer: 'Now, Lord, Thou seest what I have done; and if there be any other thing in the house with which Thou canst not live, show me what it is, and it shall go also.' The knowledge of what the Lord has done for us, and of His wishes, is a great incentive to living a holy life.

Religious Notes.

The Rev. Pedro Riosco, in his annual report to the American Bible Society from the agency in the West Indies says:

Cuba must undergo a moral and spiritual reconstruction before she is capable of utilizing her privileges to the best advantage, and the Bible must be an essential factor in the uplift and betterment of this people. To-day conditions on the island are anything but satisfactory. The paramount question seems to be, 'Is it worth while to cultivate the fields, to raise cattle, to improve your property, where no one knows just when the next uprising will occur?' If a careful vote were taken to-day of all who own property and of those who are able to appreciate the actual situation, I do not doubt at all but that the vast majority would declare themselves in favor of having the United States Government exercise a more direct control of affairs in Cuba.

Meanwhile, the island is freer of access than ever before to the circulation of the Bible. Colporteurs do not meet the bitter opposition that they once did, and the Bible is gradually finding its way into the most remote corners of the land. The Protestant evangelical churches are making rapid and substantial progress. We are entering upon an era of spiritual awakening that promises to be of incalculable benefit to the people. The most important events that are occurring on the island are not of a political character. They have nothing to do with the pulling down of this man or the setting up of that other. The events of the deepest significance and of the most far-reaching results are the conversions that are taking place as the result of the

entrance of the Bible into the heart. These are the events that will have the most direct bearing upon the future history of the 'Pearl of the Antilles'; and it is a more glorious work to be engaged in disseminating the Bible than it is to be building railroads, tunneling mountains, bridging rivers, or even directing the political affairs of the island.

The circulation of the Bible in Cuba for the year, in spite of the war and other untoward circumstances, has been quite encouraging. There were 17,936 volumes spread broadcast—1,229 Bibles, 3,616 Testaments, and 13,091 portions. There were three men employed constantly, and some seven or eight at various times, working a total of 972 days, travelling 8,644 miles, and visiting 194 towns and villages.—*'Missionary Review of Reviews.'*

General Kodama's eldest son says his father's regular habit was to stand in some retired place for about an hour every morning after rising, and, while facing toward the rising sun, to utter some words in a low tone. In reply to the question what this act meant, he said: 'When man has done everything in his power, there remains nothing but the help of God (the Gods).' Commenting on this, the 'Nippon' says that such has been always the creed of the bushi. In the very forefront of the doctrines laid down for guidance, appeared the rule, 'Have faith in the Kami and the Hotoke.' Thus men like General Kuroki and Field-Marshal Nozu always asked heaven's aid on the eve of great enterprises, and having put up the prayer, issued orders with absolute confidence. 'The bushi may be said to have derived his negative fortitude from Buddhism and his positive from Shinto. His God of War, Hachiman, was a Shinto deity, and to him he prayed on the inception of vital projects, while from the Zen sect of Buddhism and its practise of zazen he acquired the negative courage of meeting any vicissitude with complacency.'

All this is another illustration of men 'feeling after God, if haply they might find Him.' What a joy to the herald of Christ to bring to such the satisfying tidings of the God whom in ignorance they worship!—*'Missionary Review of the World.'*

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the maintenance of the launch: Mrs. Bonham Clay, Montreal, \$5.00; Garvie Rae, Strathadam, N.B., \$1.00; A Friend, Inverness, \$5.00; W. J. W., Riviere du Loup, Que., \$1.00; John A. Dewar, Glensandfield, Ont., 60c.; W. C. T. U., Covey Hill, Que., \$6.00; Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Ransom, \$2.00; A Friend, \$1.00; Subscriber, Black Wood, Sask., \$2.00; One interested in Missions, Brown's Corners, Ont., \$1.00; Total \$ 24.60

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Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, indicating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Better Way.

Grumble? No! What's the good?
If it availed, I would;
But it doesn't a bit—
Not it.

Laugh? Yes; why not?
'Tis better than crying, a lot,
We were made to be glad,
Not sad.

Sing? Why, yes, to be sure;
We shall better endure
If the heart's full of song
All day long.

Love? Yes; unceasingly,
Ever increasingly,
Friends' burdens bearing,
Their sorrows sharing,
Their happiness making;
For pattern taking
The One above
Who is Love.

—Selected.

The Efficiency of Square Meals.

Happy is the home with a man in it, for a man insists upon three square meals each working day. But in the manless home, which is becoming common now that unmarried women refuse to be miserable in boarding houses, there is a temptation to rise superior to regular meals. The work of preparing the food, the trouble of eating and the work of clearing up take away the appetite in anticipation. Cold lunches, 'snacks,' and afternoon teas are distinctly feminine institutions. A woman who has to economize begrudges the money spent on food. She calls a sandwich a luncheon and cannot believe that a series of steaks will in the end be more becoming to her than a new gown. This unwise saving of work and money she justifies to herself on the ground that it is gross to enjoy eating. It is a past delusion that to starve the body is to feed the soul; we know now that a full soul is never intimate with an empty stomach, but we still underrate the uplifting influence of a well-chosen, well-cooked, well-served meal. A bag of crackers, a can of milk, a bowl and a spoon, on the kitchen table, is demoralizing; whereas a plate of crackers and a pitcher of milk, on a table spread with fresh linen and daintily set, is elevating and inspiring.

Selected Recipe.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES.—Rub smooth one tablespoonful of flour and one of butter; add two tablespoonfuls of cold milk; and place in a double boiler, until it thickens and is smooth; then add one large egg well beaten and some finely-chopped chicken with a pinch of salt. Turn out on a platter to cool, and form into cone-shaped croquettes when cold enough to handle; dip in egg and fine cracker crumbs, and fry in a wire basket in a kettle of hot fat. Drain on brown paper and serve at once, garnished with parsley.



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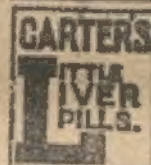
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